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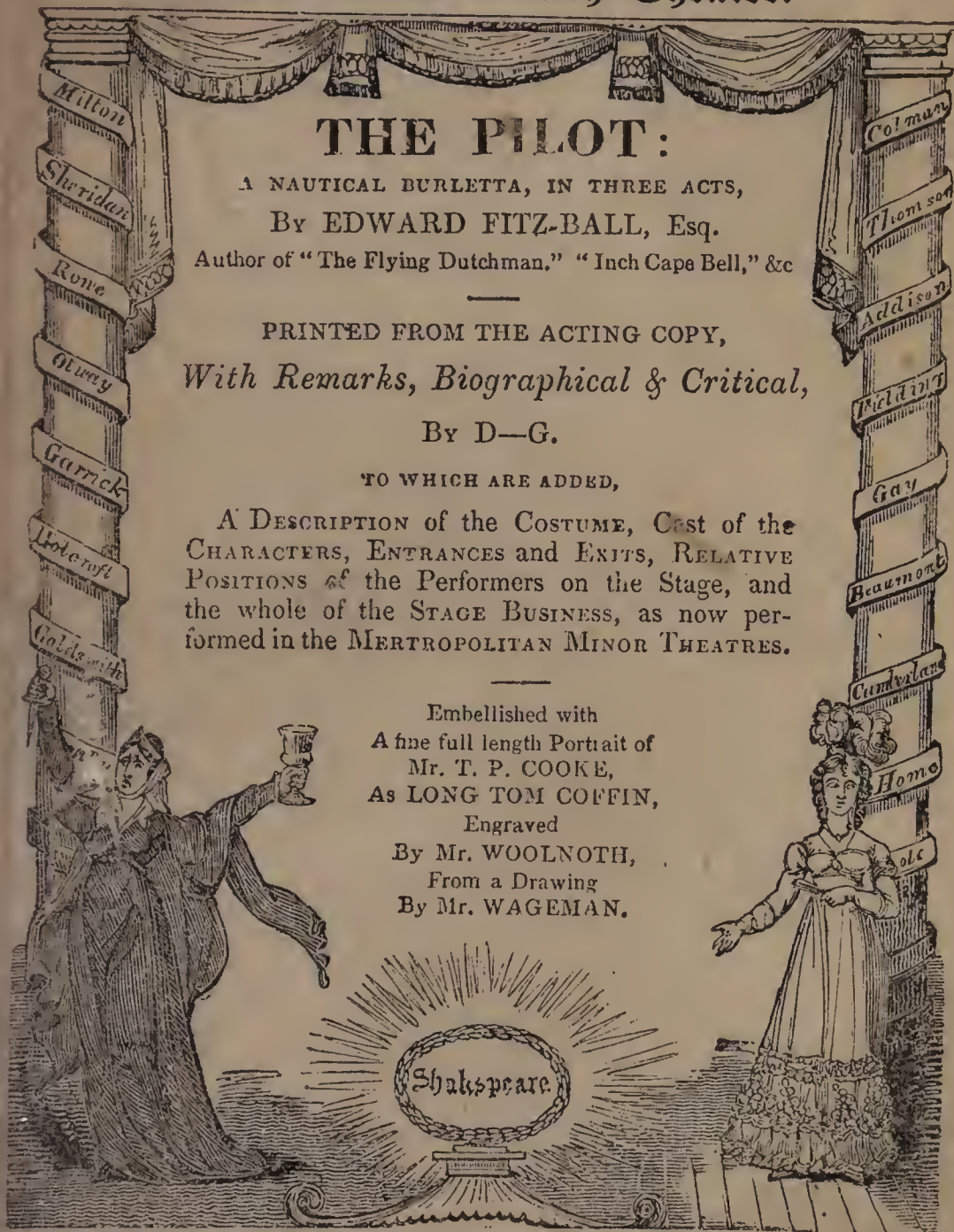
THE PILOT:

A NAUTICAL BURLETTA, IN THREE ACTS,
 BY EDWARD FITZ-BALL, Esq.
 Author of "The Flying Dutchman," "Inch Cape Bell," &c

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,
With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,
 By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
 A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with
 A fine full length Portrait of
 Mr. T. P. COOKE,
 As LONG TOM COFFIN,
 Engraved
 By Mr. WOOLNOTH,
 From a Drawing
 By Mr. WAGEMAN.



LONDON: G. H. DAVIDSON, 19 PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
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MR. T. P. COLE AS LONG TOM COFFIN

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. H. CUMBERLAND, 14, LUDGATE HILL.

THE PILOT:

A NAUTICAL BURLETTA,

In Three Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.,

Author of Wardoch Kennilson, [Haunted Hulk, Floating Beacon, Peveril of the Peak, The Three Hunchbacks, Fortunes of Nigel, Joan of Arc, The Earthquake, Devil's Elixir, Mary Glastonbury, Father and Son, Waverley, Colonel of Hussars, Kæuba, Innkeeper of Abbeville, The Inchcape Bell, The Flying Dutchman, Thalaba, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

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PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. T. P. COOKE
IN THE CHARACTER OF LONG TOM COFFIN;

Engraved on Steel by Mr. WOOLNOTH, from an original Painting
by Mr. WAGEMAN.

LONDON:

G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

REMARKS.

The Pilot.

WE hold that critic no philosopher at all, who sets up his opinion in opposition to his interest, and tells the public they are a parcel of numskulls, when, by just hinting they are wise men, he might enjoy a fair reputation, and, what is better—a reasonable portion of the good things of this life. The advice of Stephano, “Trinculo, keep a *good tongue* in your head,” is saving counsel. The first step towards making a man pleased with *you*, is to make him pleased with *himself*—tickle his self-love, and you have him, as the bleeding nun had Raymond, “body and soul for ever.” Now we, in our critical capacity, have been more than usually complaisant to the public; we have given “*coot worts*,” that we might get “*good cabbage*,” we have not *told* them that they were fools, even if we have *thought* them so; and our greatest puzzle in writing has not been to *express*, but to *conceal*, our thoughts. This concealment, however, cannot be said to feed on our danmark cheek—on the contrary, it has contributed to puff it out, and tinge it more after the fashion of the mulberry than the rose; to say nothing of our person, which, though more fat than *bard* besseems, is of that true critical rotundity as to inspire the same reverence as *Lingo’s wig*; that belonged not to a scholar only, by a *master* of scholars!

It is the remark of a witty satirist of former days—

“Were I to curse the man I hate,
Attendance and dependence be his fate;
Were I to curse him still once more,
May he be always *prouđ*, and always *poor!*”

And it is the bounden duty of every critic, who, like old Mr. Silky, would “provide for his family,” not to let his literary pride (for your *prouđ* stomach is generally a *hungry* one!) confine him to a crust and a garret; when, by accommodating himself a little to the public taste (even to the crucifixion of his own), he might command genteel lodgings in the second floor, and eat, drink, and be merry.

For ourselves, we are the very bass-string of humility in our devotion to the public. We cannot, however, say with *Mawworm*, that “we likes to be despised,” nor are we emulons of *squibs*, except they be literary, nor of *crackers*, but such as appertain to wine and walnuts. We are in truth a critic of “*all work*”—we “un a-much”

to keep ourselves in clean linen, and "tilt at all we meet" to avoid the unpleasant company of duns. We cannot afford to pick and choose our authors, but must take them as they come. If tragedy and comedy are not of every-day purchase, farce must content us; and, if farce should become less plentiful than blackberries, we must put up with melodrama and pantomime. The *march of intellect* has done sad mischief to our profession, by overstocking the market; for, if *authors* have increased tenfold, *critics* have increased a hundredfold,—as one carrion crow, when dead, generates a thousand maggots. A *mouthful* of learning now-a-days is found to be as good as a *bellyful*; and a literary *parvenu* vomits criticisms with the same facility that a conjurer does ribands. Nothing, therefore, remains for us, but to sit down in sorrowful pride—"for grief is proud"—and leave the world for others to bustle in; or to consider all as fish that comes to net, whether very like a whale, or a Triton of the minnows. Such being the case, we would not object to review *Bartlemy Fair* and its miscellany of wonders; nor should we think it at all derogatory to our critical dignity to enter into a learned analysis of *Richardson's Grand Theatrical Booth*, or the mirth-moving comicalities of *Punch and Judy*—nay, rather than not be turning the penny, we would apostrophize the pig-faced lady, and immortalize with a biographical memoir that most delicate monster that smokes his link for a cigar, picks his teeth with a hay-fork, and takes his snuff with a fire-shovel—and all this, not that we love *Shakspeare less*, but that we love "meat, clothes, and fire," *more!*

Music has its *major* and its *minor* keys. The army has its *majors*; and, when we see boys, we cannot say *bearding*, but *bullying* men; its *minors* too. Why, then, should the drama not have its major and minor theatres (though, not to speak profanely, the majority of our theatres are minor), to gratify the different tastes of its numerous votaries? If at the *London Tavern* we quaff *Burgundy* and *Champagne*, we resort to the *Shades* for *Cape and Pontac*; while to the *Cider Cellar* more especially belong *lamb's-wool*, and that *Shakspearian liquor*, *purl*—

"Hamlet, this *purl* is thine!"

Each beverage has its good qualities, and its respective admirers. In like manner, tragedy is good, and so is comedy; and so are opera, farce, melodrama, and pantomime, in their turns. The two first interest our passions, judgment, and reason—the second lays fast hold of our ears—the third unbraces our muscles—the fourth makes us gape with amazement and terror—and the fifth is a fellow so impudent and independent (like the rogne who, in answer to Peter's interrogatory, told the saint he was of no *religion at all*), that he is at liberty to take a seat where *he pleases*, and even the stoutest stickler for dramatic legitimacy shall hardly attempt to push him from his stool!

Having premised thus far, we come to the question, whether 'tis better to give such interludes, vaudevilles, &c. &c., as have been popular in their day, a local habitation in a select volume, and a name by christening them a Minor British Theatre, or to suffer them to die—to sleep among the kindred cobwebs of the prompter's shelf, a consummation not devoutly to be wished by the public, who have been amused by them, or by their authors, who, we suspect, do not entirely rest their fame on misjudging and temporary applause. We resolve to snatch from oblivion such pieces as are worthy to sail down the stream of time; and have, therefore, taken "The Pilot" on board, not to weather any theatrical storm that *we* may expect to encounter (for we anticipate nothing but soft breezes and sunshine), but because he has steered his bark among the rocks and *shallows* of the Adelphi Theatre with true nautical skill, and, after all his toils and dangers, bids fair to be an agreeable companion on shore.


This dramatic piece is taken from the well-known tale of the Pilot, written by Mr. Cooper; and here we gladly seize the opportunity of speaking favourably of at least *one* transatlantic author; for we should as soon think of giving America credit for the paintings of West, as for the writings of Washington Irving; whose education, studies, feelings, associations, and very style, are all purely *English*. The tale possesses considerable spirit, energy, and boldness of character and colouring, that mark an original genius. It is somewhat overlaid with description, always labouring to produce strong effects; and, as such, is well calculated for theatric exhibition. Mr. Ball has shown judgment in its selection and adaptation. He has preserved a good portion of the original language, to which his own offers no discredit. He has made the English do—what, we trust, they never will but in fiction—*change places* with the Americans; and mingled in the barbarous phraseology of Captain Boroughcliff the outlandish jargon of a regular Yankee, with certain whimsical peculiarities of speech, that are occasionally heard on our side of the water. Yet, half yankee and half cockney—a gallimaufry of amorousness, cowardice, and military swagger, he is an entertaining personage. Long Tom Coffin is drawn with great energy: in the scene where he swoons, and describes the storm, we are for a moment impressed with its reality. We hear the roaring of the tempest, the creaking of the masts, and the cries of the mariners; the lightning flashes in our eyes, and the water booms in our ears. The whole scene is wrought up by mechanical skill, to a high pitch of terror; and, if we measure its merits by its effects, we shall be inclined to give it almost unqualified praise.

The acting, in some respects, was excellent. Mr. Yates played with judgment, and Mr. Terry with feeling; the latter would have produced more effect, had he laboured less. But the *crack*, performances were the Captain Boroughcliff of John Reeve and the

Long Tom Coffin of T. P. Cooke. There is a quaintness of manner about Mr. Reeve—a queer gait, a droll wink, a rich chuckle, that well qualify him for characters of burlesque and fun; but he is short and epigrammatic to a fault. His good things lose half their effect by his summary mode of despatching them. Mr. Cooke gave a new feature to the sailor's character. It was that of thoughtfulness and mystery—of deep-toned passion and romance. Tom, on the high and giddy mast, had beheld the ocean with a meditating eye; he adored it as his element, and reposed on its billows.

“As sweetly as a child
Whom neither thought disturbs, nor care encumbers,
Tir'd with long play,
At close of summer's day,
Lies down and slumbers!”

Mr. Cooke embodied the utmost conception of the author, and more. His appearance was highly picturesque; and the point of time that we have selected for his portrait, is at the moment when he throws off his disguise, and restores to the old Irishwoman her cargo and rigging. Although the popularity of a piece is not the surest criterion of its merit, the present one is an exception. It was played upwards of two hundred nights, and might have been played two hundred more ere it had been superseded by anything better.

 D—G.

MEMOIR OF MR. T. P. COOKE.

IN writing the lives of men connected with literature and the stage, we have often had to regret their paucity of materials; and, consequently, the very moderate interest they were found to excite. Of the author, we have little more than a catalogue of his works—the privations, sorrows, and, perhaps, transient gleams of sunshine, under which they were produced—his sickness, and death; while the actor's brief chronicle is confined to his *first* appearance, and his *last*—the intermediate space being filled up by a review of his dramatic and moral character, his successes and failures, till we come to the closing scene of all, when the curtain drops, and "life's poor play is o'er." Whenever, therefore, we meet with an actor whose life affords something like novelty and adventure—that leads us out of the dull monotonous track of itinerant clerks, runaway apprentices, and shopmen stage-stricken—and partakes of more romance than the everlasting routine of ten probationary years of obscurity, starvation, rags, bailiffs, candles' ends, and orange-peel, with a sudden transition to the full blaze of popularity, that dazzles, blinds, and confounds—we fall to our biographical task with certain amusement to ourselves, and with some hope of amusing the public.—Such a life is Mr. T. P. Cooke's.—We shall, therefore, not, after the manner of Voltaire's History of Charles XII., produce a *novel* founded on fact, but content ourselves with plain truth, leaving fiction to that numerous class of *auto-biographers*, so much the fashion of late, who anticipate the lies that may be told of them when they have shuffled off this mortal coil, defraud the historian of his honest due, and produce a romance—"themselves the hero of each little tale."

We rejoice (*biographically*) that Mr. Cooke has been shipwrecked; it is also gratifying (*in a literary point of view*), to add, that, for two days and two nights, he was subjected to incredible misery, clinging to the shattered fragments of the ship. Had it pleased fate to have cast him on a desolate shore, like Robinson Crusoe or Philip Quarll, the description of the savages had been highly interesting; and the monsters by sea and land had proved excellent company for the *gentleman* in Frankenstein. It had been a grand feature in our memoir to have steeped him up to the lips in an iceberg, broiled

him among the Burmese, or involved him in some comical adventures with the white bears of Greenland; but there's comfort, yet—he had the good fortune to board an Algerine corsair; and we only regret (*as far as regards our story*) that he was not favoured with seven years' captivity among the Moors in Barbary—circumstances that would have proved an admirable relief to the old-fashioned mode of annunciation,—that Mr. Thomas Potter Cooke is the son of a respectable medical practitioner, and was born in ~~St~~ Hitchfield Street, on the 23rd of April, 1786—that, having an early bias towards the sea, he embarked on board His Majesty's ship, *Raven*, in the year 1796, and was stationed for two years in the Mediterranean, where he had the good luck to share in Earl St. Vincent's splendid victory—that he was (unfortunately for himself, *though luckily for our narrative*) wrecked off Cuxhaven—that, in consequence of a rheumatic fever, he was, for a time, obliged to quit his profession, to which he afterwards returned with fresh ardour, and sailed with Captain Prowse, on board the *Prince of Wales*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Calder, and was employed in the blockade of Brest Harbour—but that, the peace of Amiens drawing near, he was paid off; by which the *service* lost a good sailor, and the *stage* gained a good actor; for, in January, 1804, he made his first dramatic essay, at the Royalty Theatre, with success. Since that period, his engagements have been numerous. For eight years he superintended the melodramatic department at the English Opera. His first appearance at Drury Lane was on the 19th of October, 1816, as *Diego*, in the melodrama of *The Watchword, or the Quito Gate*. He was afterwards engaged by the manager of Covent Garden, where he made his first bow in October, 1822, in *Ali Pacha*.

Mr. Cooke selected *Long Tom Coffin* for his *entrée* on the boards of the Adelphi, in October, 1825. At the closing of that theatre, he repaired to Paris; and at *La Porte St. Martin* played "*Le Monstre*," eighty successive nights, to the infinite terror and delight of the Parisians.

Rightly to estimate Mr. Cooke's talents, it is necessary to see him in *Long Tom Coffin*, and the *Monster* in *Frankenstein*. Of the former, we have already spoken in terms of just praise.—The latter, being wholly out of nature, and something even beyond the supernatural, it would be vain to describe.—Thus much we may say, that it is a powerful and extraordinary conception—a dramatic treat, that those who desire to sup full with horrors will never be satiated with. Mr. Cooke's celebrity in this cast of characters has laid him under much infernal contribution. His hands are full of satanic business and we plainly foresee that, in his vocation, he will have to play—

“ More devils than vast hell can hold.”

This distinction has, however, put money in his purse, and given him considerable influence over the minor imps of darkness, who look up to their theatrical *Moloch* with diabolical deference; imitating his sublime atrocities, and catching his every look, motion, and sound; hoping, by perseverance (“ which,” says Caleb Quotem, “ always succeeds”), to become popular and respectable demons, in time; and, like their great exemplar, to turn their fire, sulphur, and Indigo blue, to speedy and profitable account—verifying Milton’s line—

“ Better to reign in *hell*, than serve in *heaven*.”

☞ D—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

••• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.

- PILOT.**—Sailor's jacket and trousers.
- BARNSTABLE.**—Lieutenant's naval undress uniform.
- CAPTAIN BOROUGHCЛИFF.**—Blue coat, trimmed with red—striped trousers—round hat, turned up on one side, with a red and white feather.
- CAPTAIN MANSON.**—Captain's naval uniform.
- LONG TOM COFFIN.**—*First dress:* Blue jacket, with canvass sewed along the seams—a large pocket-knife hanging by a cord from a button-hole—loose blue trousers—check shirt, collar nearly open—black neckerchief, tied very loose—blue and white striped stockings—shoes, and large buckles—low-crowned old round hat, covered with canvass—belt buckled round his waist, with a pair of pistols in it. *Second dress:* A red cloak over his sailor's dress—mob cap, and bonnet.
- COLONEL HOWARD.**—Military uniform.
- SERGEANT DRILL.**—American soldier's uniform.
- LIEUTENANT GRIFFITH.**—Naval Lieutenant's undress uniform.
- KATE.**—*First dress:* A midshipman's suit. *Second dress:* Pink muslin.
- CECILIA.**—White muslin dress.
- IRISHWOMAN.**—Coloured cotton gown—coloured neckerchief, and apron.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Adelphi Theatre, 1825.

<i>Pilot</i>	- Mr. Terry.
<i>Barnstable</i>	- Mr. Yates.
<i>Captain Boroughcliff (a regular Yankee)</i>	M. J. Reeve
<i>Captain Manson.</i>	- Mr. Meredith.
<i>Long Tom Coffin</i>	- Mr. T. P. Cooke.
<i>Colonel Howard</i>	- Mr. Elliott.
<i>Sergeant Drill</i>	- Mr. Sanders.
<i>Lieutenant Griffith</i>	- Mr. Foster.
<i>Young Merry</i>	- Mr. Browne.
<i>Captain of the Alacrity</i>	- Mr. Smith.
<i>Bou</i>	- Master Kelly.
 <i>Kate Plowden</i>	 - Mrs. Fitzwilliam
<i>Cecilia</i>	- Miss Boden.
<i>Irishwoman</i>	- Mrs. Daly.

Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

THE PILOT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Ocean off the American Coast, with Rocks running into the Sea; a Ship and Schooner sailing in the distance, c.*

Enter BARNSTAPLE, YOUNG MERRY, and two Sailors, in a boat, R. S. E.

Bar. (c.) There, that's right, my lads, shove the boat out of the surf, and keep within hail. This is, at best, but a Jacob's ladder we have to climb; [*Looking up the rocks.*] and it is by no means certain that we shall be well received by the Yankees when we do get up, though we should even reach the top.

Mer. (R. C.) We are under the guns of the frigate, you know; and you remember that three oar-blades and a pistol will draw her shot.

Bar. Yes, upon our own heads. Master Merry, never be so foolish as to trust a long shot—it makes a great smoke, and some noise, but it is a terrible way of throwing old iron about. In such business as this, I would sooner trust my coxswain, Tom Coffin, and his harpoon, to back me, than the best broadside that ever rattled out of the three decks of a ninety-gun ship. What, ho, there! Master Coffin! Coxswain, yo ho! come, gather your limbs together, and try whether you can walk on terra firma.

Long Tom C. [Without.] Yo ho! your honour! what cheer? yaw! yaw!

Bar. Ashore, ashore, ye lubber; what the devil are you skulking about! I verily believe the fellow considers it a crime to land, as if he expected to flounder like a porpoise or a lobster; because, like them, he was born at sea, and knows as little as they do of the shore. What, ho, Tom Coffin! coxswain, I say!

Enter LONG TOM COFFIN in a boat, L. U. E.

Long Tom C. [*Leaning on his harpoon in the boat, which is pushed forward.*] Belay, belay, your honour; you know I have no great relish for setting my foot ashore, because, ye see, I'm no sea-gull, to steady myself by my wings—however, since you think proper to give the word of command, here I am. [*Jumps from the boat.*] Belay, [*Stuggers.*] but this terror former, as your honour nicknames it, tosses and tumbles about like a whale-tub afloat among the breakers.

Bar. 'Tis you toss and tumble about; why can't ye stand steady upon your keel, Tom, or I'll order you to be blocked up for launching again.

Long Tom C. Why, ye see I don't know very well how to handle my legs ashore, because I'm out of my own element, though I've heard people say that there sartainly be as much arth as water; you may believe me, I was out of sight of the sea once, myself; that was when I went from Liverpool to Plymouth, outside passenger of a craft the landsfolk named a coach. The man at the helm had an easy berth on't, for there his course lay a'tween walls and fences; and then they'd stuck up bits o'stone on end, that they call'd mile-posts, alongside of which a man might have steered with half an eye, from sunrise to sunset, without ever so much as getting to leward.

Bar. Ha, ha, ha! I'll warrant me, Tom, the people took you for some amphibious animal just escaped from the deep.

Long Tom C. Nambibberous enough, your honour;—I remember that I said to them, says I, only let me get my foot once more safe on salt water, and you 'ont catch me running the risk of my life on this here dry land again in a hurry.

Bar. (c.) Ha, ha, ha! now, Mr. Merry, how are we to find this pilot, that we came here, by the captain's orders, to look for?

Mer. (r.) He was to meet us on this rock, and the question you are to put to him is written on this bit of paper.

Bar. True, I recollect; but, somehow, I don't like hugging these American shores too ciosely; what say you, Master Coffin?

Long Tom C. (c.) Ah, sir! give me plenty of sea room, and good canvass, where there's no 'casion for

pilots at all, sir. For my part, I was born at sea, and never could diskiver the use of more land than now and then to raise a few wedgetables, and to dry your fish. I'm sure the sight on't always makes me uncomfortable, unless we have the wind dead off shore.

Bar. [*Smiling.*] Ah, Tom, you are a sensible fellow ! but we must be moving.—Heaven keep us from riding out at anchor in such a place as this ! But, look out from yon rock, Tom, d'ye see anything of the man we are in quest of ?

Long Tom C. Look to your arms, your honour : I see something, looming large, approaching behind yonder craigs—the first thing we hear may be a shot.

Bar. Is it the pilot, think you, Tom ?

Long Tom C. He seems nothing to apprehend, your honour ; yet he is no sort of a pilot, that's for sartain ;—a youngster wanting a berth, I should think.—

KATE sings without, L. S. E.

Aboard of a British ship I'll sail,
Where gallant hearts abide ;
With my love to cruize through the stormy gale,
And over the swelling tide.

Long Tom C. My eyes ! only listen, how he pipes all hands ! there's jawing tackle for you !

Kate. Aboard of a British ship I'll sail,
Where gallant hearts abide ;
With my love to cruize through the stormy gale,
And over the swelling tide.

Bar. That voice ! the song, too——

Mer. It's very like one Miss Plowden used to sing before she left England, sir.

Bar. It was a scurvy trick of Kate's old guardian to carry off his ward to America, merely with the idea of uniting her to a man of politics opposed to mine—yet Kate lov'd me, I do believe, and could I but once discover her retreat——

Mer. Should this be she, sir——

Bar. Belay, boy, belay ! dost think, for a moment, so trim a frigate would be capering about at random amongst rocks and shoals like these ?—ha, ha, ha !—no, boy, no. Well, Tom, does the stranger near us ?

Long Tom C. Ay, ay, yer honour ; he'll be with you in less time than it would take me to cry luff.

Bar. You, then, Merry, get with Tom into the boat, while I hail the youngster, and see whether he has any despatches to overhaul.

Long Tom C. Ay ay, yer honour.

[*Merry goes on board the boat, and shoves off, R.—Long Tom retires, R. S. E.*]

Enter KATE, in boy's attire, singing, L. S. E.

Bar. (c.) Stay a bit, youngster—what water have we in this bay?

Kate. [*Aside, L.*] By Heavens! 'tis Barnstable!—water, sir; I should think it would be the salt water of the ocean. You a sailor, and ask such a question of a little skipper like me! I find I shall have to make out a new chart for you.

Bar. Perhaps, my fine fellow, your cunning is equal to telling me how long we shall detain you, if we make you prisoner, in order to enjoy the benefit of your wit? Come, come, don't tremble, you are a fresh-water cruizer, doubtless, and I have no desire to frighten you, but—

Kate. [*Averting her face.*] Fresh-water sailor!—you'll find me an old cruizer.—Ha, ha, ha! Frighten me, you have but another to frighten—I'll let you see that I know how to reef and sail as well as the best of you.—Yo ho, there, taughten reef tackles, haul out your weather-earring, after points taught! reef away! yo, ho! frighten me, will you, that's a good joke!—I should like to see that.

Bar. Now, by all the whales in the sea, but you are merry out of season, young gentleman. It's quite bad enough to be at anchor in such a bay as this, without being laughed at by a stripling, who hasn't strength enough to carry a beard, if he had one—but I'll know more of you and your jokes; you shall aboard with me for the rest of the cruize.—Come, come—

[*Dragging her towards the boat.*]

Kate. Barnstable, dear Barnstable! would you harm me?

[*Taking off her hat.*]

Bar. [*Surprised.*] Avast there! what do I hear, and what do I see? I dream! yet there lies the Ariel, and there lies the frigate. Can this be my own Catharine Plowden, who was hurried away from me so hastily, on the shores of old England.

Kate. The same—and the same to you ever. [*Embrace.*]

Re-enter LONG TOM COFFIN, R. S. E.

Long Tom C. (R.) Yo ho! yer honour

Bar. Oh, Tom, it's all right—don't you see this is Miss Plowden rigged out. [*Kisses her.*]

Long Tom C. [Crossing to L.] I ax pardon, yer honour.

Bar. Dear Kate, how happy this meeting renders me!—I can anticipate every thing—you have heard that we were on the coast, and have flown to redeem the promises made to me in England. I ask no more—the chaplain of our frigate may splice us, Tom shall be clerk, and——

Long Tom C. Ay, your honour, I'll sing out amen!

Kate. Nay, nay, Barnstable; would you have me forgetful of the happiness of others? You know of your brother officer, Griffith's attachment to my sister, Cecilia, who is now residing with me. She, also, loves Griffith, and is, like me, a prisoner; without her, I do not enter your vessel.

Bar. This is, indeed, good intelligence for poor Griffith.—But, where is his mistress to be found?

Kate. Do I not say with me, at the residence of my guardian.—Unknown to all but her, in this disguise, I have stolen from my chamber, by means of a secret panel, constructed, as I suppose, by smugglers, who, they say, inhabited our house before us. I have followed your movements for a week—to-day, I observed you approach the shore, and, by being adventurous, I have been successful.

Bar. But you'll go aboard with me now, dear Kate.

[*The Pilot is seen observing them from the rock, L.*]

Kate. Impossible! in this packet I have prepared such an account as will, I trust, excite your chivalry, and induce you and your friend to deliver us poor damsels eventually from thralldom.

Tom. [Looking through a glass to L.] Is that the Pilot, your honour, right astarn on us?

Bar. [Looking through the glass.] The Pilot, it must be; he approaches; that form--where, when have I seen it before?

Tom. Heaven send he know his trade, for the bottom of a ship will need eyes to find its way out of this wild anchorage. And, damme, he looks as sulky, too, about the gills as a horse mackarel.

Bar. [Angrily.] Away with idle croaking, Tom, and

tend to your duty ; [*Moaning of the sea heard.*] go, 'tis a threatening night, indeed ;—but—

Tom. Ah, your Honour ; I show'd you how to knot a reef point and pass a gasket, nor do I believe you could take two half hitches when you first cum'd aboard of the Spalmacitty ; these be things that a man is soon expert in, but it takes the time of a man's natral life to larn the weather. [*Distant thunder—moaning heard.*] Sir, there be streak'd galls in the offing, that speak as plainly to all that see them, as ever you spoke through a trumpet ; [*Moaning heard.*] besides, sir, don't you hear the sea moaning, as if it knew the hour was at hand when it was to wake up from its sleep ?

Kate. These dreadful forebodings make me tremble for your safety.

Bar. O, Katharine, such sounds are nothing to a sailor's ear ; but the Pilot whom we seek is here at last.

Enter THE PILOT, L. S. E.

Pilot, what water have you in this bay ?

Pilot. [*Coldly.*] Enough to take all out in safety, who have entered in confidence.

Bar. You are the man I seek ; are you ready to go ?

Pilot. [*Coldly.*] Both ready and willing, and there is need of haste. [*Looking at the clouds.*]

Bar. Follow into the boat : I'll join you in an instant.

Pilot. [*With point.*] The consequences of delay must be visited on those who occasion it.

Bar. [*Haughtily.*] And, sir, I shall meet the consequences with those who have a right to inquire into my conduct.

Tom. Aboard, aboard, yo, ho !

[Pilot goes gloomily after Tom to the boat, L.]

Bar. Come, dearest Katharine, do not return to your prison again ; my vessel can and shall protect you until your sister is redeemed, and—

Kate. Nay, nay, remember I have already done more than my sex will warrant ; [*Distant thunder.*] go, go ; you hear that every moment of your stay teems with peril.

Bar. But can I suffer you to return alone, through those desolate rocks, this crazy night ?

Kate. Why not ? I have proved that I could come hither alone. Go, Barnstaple,—if you would add to the

happiness of my existence, go and be doubly careful of your own. Good night; remember the packet.

Bar. Good night! dearest, dearest Kate, good night. [Crosses to L.
[Kisses her.

[MUSIC.—Kate goes up the rock, L., and kisses her hand to Barnstable as he enters the boat, and they push off,
R. U. E.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Colonel's House. Enter
CECILIA, R.

Cec. (c.) What is it can detain Katharine all this time?—so late, too—giddy girl! she will, I fear, repent of her imprudent enterprises at last: should the Colonel inquire for her, I know not how to find an excuse for her absence—if I am questioned, I have not the courage to utter a falsehood. I wonder where my poor Griffith is at the moment. Does he ever think of Cecilia, whom he left behind

SONG.—CECILIA.

When the sails are furl'd and the watch set,
And the moon shines on the silent deep—
When landsmen o'er their cups are met,
Or wrapt in the lazy arms of sleep;
The faithful tar, disdaining rest,
Consigns to every wind
A gallant sigh, from his manly breast,
For the lass he left behind.

While the level deck his feet pace,
'Mid the silvery clouds on high,
He views his Lucy's sweet face,
Like an angel's beaming from the sky
Her fancied voice, too, greets his ear,
Soft floating on the wind,
And again he breathes a sailor's pray'r
For the lass he left behind.

A footstep —ah! 'tis she herself—Katharine—

Enter KATE, hastily, L.

Kate. (L. c.) Dear Cecilia, why did you quit our chamber till my return? It was with the utmost difficulty that I could uncloset the secret pannel.

Cec. Know you not that our guardian desired to

—speak with us?—and, in order to prevent his noticing your absence, I hastened to meet him, lest he should enter our apartment; but go and change this odd attire, —you will be discovered.

Kate. Haste, then, and follow me, for I have such news as will make your heart bump—I—

Col. [*Without, R.*] Where are these foolish girls, hey?

Kate. O lud! O lud! if he catch me in man's clothes, we shall have a storm to a certainty—excuse me as well as you can, and follow, the moment you have disposed of the Colonel, to be gratified by the best intelligence that ever charmed the ear of woman.

Cec. Go—go. [*Exit Kate, L.*]

Enter COLONEL, R., not observing Kate.

Col. I begin to suspect I might as well have remained in England, when I was there settling my brother's affairs; but, no,—I must return to America, and renew my commission under Congress. To be sure, my father made his fortune in this country, and I was born in it; but then my father was an Englishman, and no sooner had he completed his speculations abroad, than he returned to end his days in his native land: my brother was born in England, and sometimes, when I reflect, had they been living, that—— So you are here, are you, Madam?

Cec. You inquired for me, I believe, sir.

Col. Yes, I did inquire for you, and your sister Kate; where is she?

Cec. Busy in her own room, sir.

Col. Pshaw! go and inform her that Captain Boroughcliff, my future heir, is arrived to pay his addresses to her; and 'tis my intention that he should marry her.

Cec. But you must know that my sister hates Captain Boroughcliff, sir.

Col. What's that to do with it? I suppose she's still in the tantrums about that fellow Barnstable, without a penny in his pocket, or parents to give him one; but, I think, I've removed her far enough from his reach—he won't easily discover his mistress on the coast of America.

Enter COLONEL'S Servant, L.

Ser. Captain Boroughcliff, sir.

Col. Show him up, by all means. [*Exit Servant, L.*] Now, Cecilia, you go immediately, and announce to Kate the arrival of the Captain, and say, 'tis my positive command that she hasten to receive him as her future lover.

Cec. O, certainly, Colonel. [*Exit Cecilia, R.*]

Col. The Captain's a man of property; besides—his principles—there it is—Kate can't do better—these foolish girls are too frequently led astray by appearances; a good husband is, indeed, a scarce commodity, as times go; but—

Capt. [*Without, L.*] Attention, Sergeant Drill—follow.

Col. O! here he comes! Captain, your most obedient; happy to take you by the hand.

Enter CAPTAIN, and SERGEANT DRILL, with port-manteau, L.

Capt. (c.) Colonel, I subscribe myself the most devotedest of your servants, positively.—I hope your lovely ward is inclined to favour my passion at last: however, you must leave me alone to manoeuvre with her—don't think she'll be able to withstand me—Sergeant Drill, there, knows I'm a pretty considerable favourite with the ladies—ar'nt I, Sergeant?

Ser. O, yes!

Col. 'Tis astonishing what influence a uniform excites; the character of a brave man, too, never fails to have its weight with a female heart.

Capt. You've hit it exactly—my character for valour is pretty well known, I believe—isn't it, Sergeant Drill?

Ser. O, yes!

Capt. I'm a genuine Yankee—what of that? I'm proud of the appellation. Nobody like us, I guess. In peace (not to be poetical), I am a chicken, fluttering my wings on the bosom of innocence; but in war—O! if you were once to see me in battle, you'd never forget it—would he, Sergeant Drill?

Ser. O, no!

Capt. Then at parade—not that I ever like to speak of myself—still, as I'm about to attach myself to your family, 'tis no more than discreet that you should know all my particular recommendations; but Miss Plowden makes my breast all of a crumble; she's a regular *ban bush*, as the French call it—but she doesn't know me—My brother officers say I'm so clever, nothing like

me was ever seen before—I'm a sort of a kind of non-
entity—arn't I, Sergeant Drill ?

Ser. O, yes !

Col. Do me the favour, Captain, to remain for a few minutes, while I go and speak to Kate. The girl has an excellent heart, and I hope every thing may be arranged for our mutual happiness. [*Exit*, R.]

Capt. A pleasant old fellow, positively. Sergeant, you go and unpack the baggage—march !

Ser. O, yes !

[*Exit*, R.]

Capt. As for Kate and her heart, I'll engage both by storm, I guess—what's conquering a feminine young lady, to the exertion of drilling my raw recruits before a field-day—one half of them with muskets, the other half with umbrellas ! To be sure, the other day, Sergeant Lapstone had the considerable impudence to say he was tired of the army, and asked me to give him a *good job* ; and I did, with the end of a bayonet,—that was coming to the *point*, I calculate—no queering me—no no, every body finds that out on parade ; but with the fair sex I'm genuine, as Sergeant Drill says. [*Exit*, R.]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the Colonel's House.—A large Balcony, c.*

*Enter KATE, in the dress of a woman, followed by
CECILIA, L. D.*

Kate. (c.) At length I have escaped.

Cec. (L. c.) Now, Kate, for these welcome tidings.

Kate. Oh, Cecilia ! I have seen him once again—I have seen him.

Cec. Him !—Whom ?

Kate. Him to whom I vowed constancy in England—he whom I love better than all the Americans in the world—my own dear gallant Barnstable.

Cec. Is it possible?—so near—and——

Kate. Not to keep you in suspense, your sighing swain Griffith is at hand, also aboard the same vessel as formerly ; from this very window we may discern——

Opening window in F.—Lightning.] O heaven ! what do I see ! a tremendous storm coming on, and they still on this side the dangerous shoals. Mercy ! how the waves begin to swell—and the thunder, how awfully it roars

—now I perceive their bark battling with the rushing tempest.

Cec. My heart turns cold—happiness and misery at once so near.

Kate. Do but look again—how fearfully the white breakers lash the rocks—now—now the vessel, borne on gigantic waves, rises towards the very sky; now again she's buried in the dark deep trough of the sea—the waters roll furiously along—great power—she's wrecked! she's wrecked!

Cec. [*Wringing her hands.*] Kate! Oh Kate!

Kate. No, no,—there she moves once more. I dare not trust myself to gaze further, lest the faint ray of hope which that one glimpse instilled into my bosom be for ever changed to despair. O man! man! when sorrow and calamity surround thee, woman's last, best effort to assist thy drooping fortune still remains forcibly in her heart, and still reaches thee in her prayers.

[*Distant thunder is heard.—Lightning seen at intervals.*]

DUET.—KATE AND CECILIA.—*Storm—Music.*

Heaven shield the mariner on his path of storms :

Where the breakers white

Fling o'er the night

A thousand dreadful forms ;

When the stars are wrapp'd in gloom,

And ev'ry wave comes like a doom,—

Heaven shield the mariner—

Heav'n shield the mariner on his path of storms.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Deck of the Ariel, with the shrouds and masts manned as in a storm at sea.—On every side the ocean dreadfully agitated; thunder and lightning, mixed with the whistling of the wind.*

THE PILOT, CAPTAIN MANSON, MERRY, BARNSTABLE,
LONG TOM COFFIN, &c., discovered.

Pilot. [*C. of the deck.*] Now is the time to watch closely. Here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quarter-master of your ship in those chains.

Bar. You, Tom, bear a hand in the chains there, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water.

Capt. M. I will take that office on myself. Pass a light into the weather-main chains there.

Pilot. Stand by your sheets; heave away that lead!

Long Tom C. Ay, ay! sir! By the mark seven.

Pilot. 'Tis well—try it again.

Long Tom C. Quarter-less five!

Bar. She shoals—she shoals—keep her a good full!

Pilot. Ah! you must hold the vessel in command now.

Long Tom C. By the deep two.

Bar. Tack! tack!

Long Tom C. Breakers! dead a-head!

Sai. Breakers on her lee-bow.

Bar. We are on the bight of the shoals. She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her

Bar. [*Through the trumpet.*] Clear away that best bower.—Clear away that—

Pilot. [*Interrupting him.*] Hold on;—hold on every one; she wants more canvass! hoist away the jib and mainsail. You, Tom, come to the helm.

Bar. [*Fiercely to the Pilot.*] Who is it that dares to countermand the captain's orders?

Capt. M. [*Bending from the rigging.*] Peace, Mr. Barnstable, yield the trumpet to the Pilot; he alone can save us.

Bar. [*Throws the trumpet on the deck.*] Then all is lost, indeed.

Capt. M. How, sir? how?

Pilot. See you yon light on the southern headland? If we keep that light open from the hill far inland yonder, we shall do well.—If not, we shall surely go to pieces.

Bar. Let us tack again.

Pilot. There is no more tacking or box-hawling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course. That sail is not enough to keep us up to the wind. We want both jib and main-sail.

Bar. 'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvass in such a tempest.

Pilot. It must be done,—we perish without it. See, the light already touches the edge of the hill; the sea casts us to leeward.

Bar. [*Taking up the trumpet.*] Let fly jib and sheet!
[*They let loose the mainsail, &c.; men pull it up by force.*]

Pilot. She feels it. [*Crash—jib blows.*] Quarter-mas-

ter, come to the helm. [*Tom goes to the helm, the Pilot to the bow—they con her for some time.*] Silence, all. Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate; let her luff;—luff you can! [*Going to the helm.*] Hard a weather with your helm! [*Dead pause.*] Ease off all your sheets, and square away. She's safe! she's safe!

[*Noise and confusion here in excess.—Darkness and the rush of waters.—The vessel clears the shoal.*]

Pilot. All's well—all's well; the wind abates; the danger is past. [*Shout huzza.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Between Decks.*

BARNSTABLE *discovered with a chart, R.*

Bar. (C.) Again we ride quietly on the breast of the sea—but my dear Kate, the cunning minx, to think, when I used to talk with her so of signals and their utility, that she should have treasured the conversations in her mind so as to compose a whole alphabet of love! Well, boy, what cheer?

Enter BOY, L.

Boy. Lieutenant Griffith, from the schooner, sir.

[*Exit Boy, L.*]

Enter GRIFFITH, L.

Bar. Ned, I'm glad to take you by the hand. How goes on all at the schooner after the storm?

Gri. (L. C.) All's well, except that we are but indifferently watered, which is an evil that ought to be remedied, considering how near we lie to a land of springs and rivers. Your trusty pilot, as I hear, knows the coast well, and has consented to accompany me with a party of men to the nearest fresh water; so you will command in my absence?

Bar. I know of no objection: and, Ned, here's a signal book and a chart, from which you may take a few hints to some purpose.

Gri. What, have you found out the Yankees' private talk?

Bar. No, no: I met last night on those cliffs one who

has proved herself what I always believed her, a girl of spirit.

Gri. Of whom do you speak ?

Bar. Of Katharine.

Gri. [*Starting.*] Katharine ! Was she alone ?

Bar. She was ; but she left with me this paper and this book, which is worth a whole library—but listen to her instructions—[*Reads.*] “*Believing*”—you see she begins it at once, without Sir, or——

Gri. Well well, go ou.

Bar. [*Reads.*] “*That chance may conduct me where I shall be able to transmit to you this packet, which contains a book of signals.*” You observe this is her book of signals.

Gri. Well, well ! go on, my dear fellow.

Bar. [*Reads.*] “*With the flags, of which I possess counterparts, I write as follows,—at some small distance from the house where Cecilia and myself are prisoners, in a solitary wood, there is a sort of ruined turret, for which see the chart.*” There, bless her little soul—here, you see, is the chart, with the cardinal points of the compass, as well as if I had drawn them myself.

Gri. Never mind the compass, but go on.

Bar. [*Reads.*] “*This turret stands directly opposite my chamber window, and from which, if you could reach the turret, I could exchange signals with you, both of hope and distress.*” There, you see, is her chamber window.

Gri. Her window ! which, then, is Cecilia’s ?

Bar. Oh ! damme if I know ! t’other, I suppose.

Gri. ’Fore George ! but this is an excellent stratagem. We must get both the girls off, and that before the old man takes it into his wise head to leave the coast, as he will do if he hear of our being so near. Suppose I take these instructions with me, and——

Bar. No, no, be it your duty, this trip, to make what inquiries you can about the prison of our mistresses ; perhaps we may get them off by stealth at once : if not, then for the signal-book and the old turret.

Gri. But our pilot,—is he a man to be depended on ashore ?

Bar. With your life ; and with your love, if you choose, Ned ; but, perhaps, that’s more than you would think right to risk in the keeping of any other man than yourself.

Gri. Except Tom Coffin ; for Tom has an idea that a

petticoat is an ill omen afloat, and more likely to sink a ship's crew than all the breakers and whirlpools of the ocean, ha! ha! ha!

Enter the PILOT, L.

Bar. I have to ask your pardon for my hasty temper, my trusty pilot; you have this night proved yourself such a seaman as the world cannot equal.

Pilot. I am no stranger to these seas, and may find my grave in them—but you have acted your part bravely, young man—England will have no cause to blush for such an officer.

Bar. Something like a dream assures me that we have met before.

Pilot. [*Coldly.*] Perhaps so; but we are going ashore.

[*Exit, L.*

Bar. Singular man! I cannot account for his strange conduct; but Griffiths, we must be on the look-out for the girls. It wont do to lose sight of them. Come, come.

[*Exit, L.*

Gri. I'm ready; yes, my Cecilia, I fly once again to assure you of my unceasing fidelity, and that I have never an instant forgotten your last kiss of affection.

SONG—GRIFFITH.

I nevet can forget the hour when from my love I parted,
How fondly round my neck she hung, and, almost broken-
hearted,
Exclaimed, "Dear Edward, think of me from morn to
setting day—
O! think of me, my Edward dear, when cruising far
away."

And shall I ever prove untrue,
Where'er my footsteps rove,—
No! by her eye of heavenly blue,
And by her kiss of love—
Sweet, sweet kiss of love!

Though light'nings rage around my head, and honour
call to battle—
While thunders cleave the trembling sea, or cannons
loudly rattle—
Ah, yes, I'll fondly think of her in tempest and in fight—
O! she shall be my magnet still, my guiding star of light,
And shall I ever prove untrue, &c.

[*Loud laughing and hurrah without, R. S. E.—Exit, L.*

Enter LONG TOM COFFIN, *and* SIX SAILORS, R. S. E.

Long Tom C. (c.) That's your sort, my boys; arter a storm comes a calm, then's the time to splice the main-brace, and drink to sweethearts and wives: what say you, my lads, as we are inclined to be merry, suppose some of you foot it away to the tune of a hornpipe, and if I'm not grown too stiff in my old pins, why, danme, I'll join you.

[*The Sailors take up the first part of the tune, Long Tom Coffin joins in and dances a hornpipe.*]

SCENE II.—*A Dining-Room in the Colonel's House.*
Wine on the Table.

Enter COLONEL HOWARD *and* CAPTAIN BOROUGHLIFF, R.

Col. H. (c.) How say you? English vessels! and your informant beheld them with his own eyes?

Capt. B. (L. c.) O yes! He was willing to take an oath on it, Colonel, in the most correctest manner possible, I calculate.

Col. H. If these rash boys have really persuaded the silly old dotard who commands the vessel, to trust himself within the shoals in such a gale as that of last night, their case must be desperate indeed. That fellow, Barnstable, is the very devil in disguise; I should not be surprised to see him enter my house, with his whole ship's crew, and carry off both the girls before our faces.

Capt. B. O no! you surely forget that Captain Boroughcliff has the honour to be quartered in the neighbourhood, with as fine a body of genuine young men as ever marched under the command of a valiant officer, I reckon.

Col. H. I beg pardon, but you little know what desperate dogs we have to contend with; and the girls, too, are evidently inclined to revolt.

Capt. B. Oh yes! I understand your Englishmen are very devils in love matters; but your American fellows have a genuine knack of their own, I guess. But the ladies, my dear colonel—positively, I'm dying for their society; poor things! no doubt they are considerably uncomfortable—you lock them up too much—upon my word, you do—it's a great bore, I calculate.

Enter SERGEANT, L.

Col. H. (c.) Well, sir, what are your despatches? Nothing but what's done proper, I hope.

Ser. (L.) A sentinel, your honour, has detained two men, who were lurking about the plantations; we thought they looked rather suspiciously, and detained them.

Col. H. What do they look like?

Ser. Spies, your honour.

Col. H. Spies!

Ser. Yes, sir; they are fine upright fellows, and, perhaps, might be tempted to enlist, your honour.

Col. H. They may be Europeans; perhaps, from those mad sea-dogs who are looking after my wards. Captain, let them be secured.

Capt. B. O yes! I will—and enlist them myself; they shall fight for Congress, positively—sergeant, take 'em to the guard-house; slick right away, and I'll come to you directly, I guess.

Ser. Very well, your honour. O yes! [*Exit, L.*]

Capt. B. Yonder I see the ladies, colonel—they seem to be looking at those rascals.

Col. H. Indeed! then I'd better look after them directly—suppose you take another glass to their health, and join us. [*Exit, R.*]

Capt. B. [*Pours out wine.*] O yes! certainly! I'm always ready to drink "The ladies!" [*Drinks.*] Lovely creatures—without them the world would be an army without soldiers, or a musket without a flint—nothing to strike the sparks, I reckon. Come, that's neat, I reckon—a genuine joke. The ladies always inspire me, I guess,—and make me both witty and musical—O yes.

SONG—CAPTAIN BOROUGHLIFF.

My daddy to my mammy said,
 "Do marry me, my dear miss;"
 My mammy, blushing, hung her head,
 And softly sigh'd—"Oh yes!"
 My daddy lov'd his *backer*-pipe,
 My mother lov'd her poodle,
 Till I appear'd, a cherry ripe,
 Dear little Yankee Doodle

Ri tol lol, &c.

My beauty was so great and grand,
 To kiss me each would squeeze ;
 My mouth was like a haystack,
 And my lips like butter'd peas.
 When breech'd, at length, ye gods! how fine,—
 'Tis true, or I'm a noodle,
 They call'd me then the genuine
 Right charming Yankee doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c.

The most correctest possibly
 Of hofficers I am ;
 Lauks, how the gals all laughs at I,
 And how I laughs at 'em!
 But 'tis my beauty makes of all
 The most completest noodle.
 They loves me—long, short, large, and small,
 The dashing Yankee Doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c.

A captain milintary deck'd,
 Take heed, ye lovely friskers,
 For wery soon I does expect
 To veer a pair of viskers.
 But vith a tear I now departs,
 Don't think vot I'in a noodle :
 If I stays here, you'll lose your hearts,—
 Ay, all to Yankee Doodle.

Ri tol lol, &c.

[Exit, L.]

SCENE III.—*A Court adjoining the Colonel's House, L. —a Guard-house, over the Door of which is a Portico, supported by Two Pillars, R.—in the background, a low Wall runs across the Stage, in which, near the House, an Iron Gate is inserted—beyond the Wall the Sea, on which are Moving Objects, &c.*

MUSIC.—*Enter THE PILOT and GRIFFITH from the House, L., who are conducted into the Guard-house, R., by Sergeant Drill and Six Soldiers.*

Kate. [From the window, L.] 'Tis as I feared, Griffith in disguise,—I must watch and assist him.

[Griffith is about to remonstrate with the Sergeant, when Kate, holding up a key, indicates that she intends to release him; she retires from the window as he enters the Guard-house.]

Enter CAPTAIN BOROUGHLIFE *from House, L. The Sergeant locks the guardhouse door, and gives him the key.*

Capt. B. (c.) Ha, ha! that's proper discipline, I calculate—military every inch, as we say on parade—there, my fine fellows, you'll learn civilization now, I've no doubt—if you get out of that guard-house without my permission, I'll give you leave to say Captain Boroughcliff is no soldier, positively. What do I see! Miss Plowden coming this way,—alone, too,—O yes. Sergeant Drill, you and your fellows get out of hearing, till I give the word of command—march! [*Exit Sergeant and six Soldiers, R.*] I'm now in love-making order, three bottles primed, capital Madeira.

Enter KATE, *from House, L.*

'Tis as I feared! [*Aside.*] Miss Plowden, you blush considerably like an angel.

Kate. (l. c.) Really, captain, you are always so gallant, so polite, that—

Capt. B. [Aside.] Love and opportunity! the gods are propitious! I thought she couldn't resist me long. [*To Kate.*] Ah! adorable Miss Plowden, I idolize you to distraction; mine's the genuine affection—you are dearer to my heart than sunshine on a field-day—you are, upon my soul.

Kate. [Aside.] I'm all confusion. The honour you continue to impose upon me, Captain Boroughcliff, is far beyond my humble merits.

Capt. B. Sweet creature, how delighted this affability renders me! Katharine, charming Katharine, there is no sacrifice positively, I calculate, that I would not make to insure the least particle of your happiness—I swear it on this heavenly shrine, I do!

[*Kneels, and kisses her hand. Kate laughs aside at Cecilia, who peeps anxiously from the window, L.*

Kate. Oh, captain, then I'm sure you'll not refuse me one trifling obligation.

Capt. B. Demand a thousand! positively, I am but your slave to obey.

Kate. You love me?

Capt. B. O yes!

Kate. Restore yonder poor fellows to liberty, then.

Capt. B. O no! Actually, Miss Plowden, you have demanded of me the only concession which, consistently,

I dare not make, I reckon. Recollect, madam, the duty of a superior officer.

Kate. Recollect, sir, the duty of a lover.

DUET.—CAPTAIN BOROUGHLIFF and KATE.

Kate. Captain, though you look so spruce, you'll never do for me;

Capt. B. Pretty Kath'rine, cross and angry, why not say, O yes!

Kate. I cannot speak a civil word till you give up the key;

Capt. B. 'Tis my duty here replies, and exclaims, O no! you guess.

The key of your affection give—this heart is in a glow!

Kate. My duty here [*Touching her heart.*] commands that I should answer you—O no!

Both. { *Kate.* With an O ho ho, what is to be done,
I cannot marry you.

{ *Capt. B.* I'll go, go, go, and drown myself,
If still you cry, O no!

Kate. Captain, if you'd drown yourself, why—yonder lies the sea.

Capt. B. Taunting Kath'rine, tell me truly, are my hopes all gone?

Kate. I'm promis'd to another, who is just the man for me.

Capt. B. Then very shortly I shall prove a living skeleton.

With genuine compassion deign these piteous looks to view.

Kate. Though *monkey-men* are all the rage, I cannot fancy you.

Both. { *Kate.* With a ha! ha! ha!

{ *Capt. B.* I'll go, go, go, &c.

Capt. B. Duty, madam, military duty, insists on my refusal—it does, I reckon.

Kate. And true love, sir, insists on my evincing a proper indignation towards one who knows only the *shadow* of affection. There is no reality in a heart like your's. To the man who can be generous, even in the most trivial circumstances, at the expense, perhaps, of his own welfare, Katharine Plowden has already given her soul—for him she would not shrink from the scorching beams of an Indian sun, or the freezing blasts of a Siberian desert: but, for the man who has neither the courage nor the feeling to comply with the best dictates of humanity, and yet would insult her understanding by men-

tioning what *he calls* passion, she has nothing left but her sex's scorn and contempt.

Capt. B. Positively, this is the most uncorrectest conduct imaginable: if they should hear of this at the mess, I shall be roasted through the whole army—I shall, upon my soul. O yes! [Retires up, L.

Enter CECILIA from House, L.

Cec. Dearest Kate, how have you succeeded?

Kate. Not in the least. Where's the colonel?

Cec. Gone into the plantation.

Kate. Then the only way left us—[*Long Tom Coffin is heard without, L.*—still, new interruption!

Long Tom C. [*Without, L.*] Buy, buy, buy?

Capt. B. [*Looking out at the gate, L. U. E.*] Get along, my good woman, this is no place for—yet, now I think on't, I must appear more sympathetic, I reckon, or Kate will cut me altogether, she will! [Aside.

Enter LONG TOM COFFIN through gate, L. U. E., in a cloak, cap, and bonnet, a pedlar's basket on his arm, with tapes, laces, garters, ribands, soap, knives, scissors, tambour-needles, tobacco-boxes, ballads, &c.

Long Tom C. (L.) Buy, buy,—poor pedlar-woman, cast all adrift, an' please your honours.

Capt. B. (c.) The woman has the most unfeminine voice I ever heard, and smells abominably of tobacco. My sweet gentlewoman, what may you have to dispose of!—Faugh!

Long Tom C. Soap, pen-knives, your honour.

Cec. [*Aside to Kate.*] Sure, I should know that face.

Kate. [*Aside to Cecilia.*] 'Tis a man, I'll swear—I have seen the man with Barnstable—'tis the coxswain, Tom Coffin—a light breaks in upon me.

Capt. B. And this—what's this?

Long Tom C. [*Hesitating, not knowing the names of his goods.*] That, your honour, that's tape—and that—that's ratline!

Capt. B. Ah! ah! ah! what is it? ratline—and what's this?

Long Tom C. Avast! avast! that, O that's—a that—

Kate. How absurd you are, captain! Do you suppose the woman does not know a *tambour-needle*?

Long Tom C. Yes, that's a trumbore-needle, sure enough, your honour. [Turns round to speak to Kate.

Capt. B. Ho! ho! [*Sees Tom's tail hanging over the top of his cloak.*] So here's another of 'em, or I'm no judge of military movements— [*Taking hold of Tom's tail.*] Well, that's the most enormous tail for a female I ever saw in my life! [*Aside.*] So that's a trumbore-needle, is it, my delicate young vestal? [*Laughs, L.*] Ha! ha! ha! And pray what's this?

Long Tom C. [*Turning to Capt. B.*] That, your honour, why that is—

Capt. B. It's a ship's compass, I guess.

Long Tom C. No, if 'tis, I'm damn'd.

Capt. B. Very ladylike, upon my word; I've no doubt but you know something about—

Enter an Old Irishwoman through gate, L. U. E.

Wom. (L.) Murder! robbery! violation!

Capt. B. (R. C.) Another, hem! I shall have the whole troop in time. Well, my second edition of feminine susceptibility, by whom have you been robbed and murdered, I ask?

Wom. That fellow there, sir; he came across me while I was taking a little bit of a swate illigant sleep, and off he pops with my cloak, and my marchandise, and then he murdered me, and so—

Long Tom C. [c., throwing off his disguise.] There, take your cargo, and your rigging; and, if ever Tom Coffin cruizes under false colours again, it shall be under more lucky ones than a woman's mainsail. Don't alarm yourself, none who know him will say that Tom Coffin ever used unseaman-like conduct to any of his mother's kind.

Capt. B. Positively, I must sound an alarm here, I reckon, or—

[*Going.*]

Long Tom C. No, you don't, though; [*Tom, seizing him and the woman with one hand, throws a noose over their heads, and fastens them.*] and if you, or old mother slip-gibbet here, let fly your jawing tackle, till I and my comrades are off, I'll blow out your calf's brains for you. And mayhap you'd wish to know who I be? Look at this here pickter on my hat—that's my ship: she and I were born on the same day. I'm Long Tom Coffin; and, if ever I catches you afloat, we'll teach you the use of ratline, and how to box the compass, too, in good earnest. Hillo, [*To the Captain, whose hat falls off.*] you've dropp'd your scraper! [*Tom, stooping to pick up the Captain's hat,*

knocks off the woman's cap; he puts the Captain's hat on the Woman, and the cap of the Woman on the Captain.

[The Captain, in the scuffle, drops the key. Kate picks it up, and releases the Pilot and Griffith from the guard-house, while Long Tom holds the Captain and Woman, L.

Kate. The boat! the boat! think not of us, Griffith—fly, save yourselves!

[Long Tom forces the Captain and the Irishwoman into the Guard-house, locks the door, and gives the key to Kate.—MUSIC.—The Pilot and Griffith jump into the boat; Tom follows them, and presents an immense brace of pistols, as he retreats; Kate snatches one of the pistols from Long Tom, and presents at the Captain, who thrusts his head through the guard-house window, R.

Long Tom C. That's your sort, my little man o' war's man, slew yourself to an anchor; and, if he dares but to hoist sail, pour a broadside into his upper daylight. Yo, ho!

[Cecilia, overcome, falls at Kate's feet, and Tom fires a pistol as the boat rows off, L.

Tom. Yo, ho! yo, ho!

[Picture.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another View of Katharine's Apartment—the sliding pannel, R. S. E., and an open window in the C. F., commanding a view of the Tower (mentioned in the chart), standing at a distance amid the foliage.—A Table and two Chairs.—A Telescope and Stand on the Table, which has a large cover.

KATHARINE discovered seated on the ground, busily employed with some small signals of various colours—Cecilia is looking with telescope through the window, C. F.

Kate. Heigho! well, here we are, locked up again,—at least so they think; but we are not quite so secure, thanks to the smuggler's pannel. By this time your lover is safe aboard his vessel, with no small credit due

to Long Tom. Ah, Cecilia! I wish we were with them, — I'm heartily tired of this every-day life.

Cec. Ah, Kate, you have a soul formed for enterprise.

Kat. Yes, Cecilia. There is no peril, however dangerous, that a woman of spirit and virtue should fear to encounter, to secure the heart of that brave and honourable man to whom she has previously given her own best affections.

SONG—KATE.

Aboard of my true love's ship I'll go,
 And brave each blowing gale, —
 I'll splice, I'll tack, I'll reef, I'll tow,
 And hawl with him the sail :
 In jacket blue,
 And trousers too,
 With him I'll cruise afar—
 There shall not be a smarter chap
 Aboard of a man of war :
 Yo, ho ! &c.

Spoken. Then, Cecilia, when the word is given, up aloft I go, and when I pass the gasket top-sail, then I cry, let go top-gallant bowlines, you lubbers there, let go !

Whate'er his perils, each I'll share,
 Ashore or on the wave ;
 O, yes ! for one who is my dear,
 The stormy seas I'll brave.
 In jacket blue, &c.

But what is it you are gazing at through that telescope, so earnestly ?

Cec. Do but observe yon tower in the ruin ; only mark those spots of pink fluttering on the walls.

Kate. They are my own signals ; Barnstable is there ; he is planning our escape.

Cec. But what says he ? You alone can interpret his meaning.

Kate. 'Tis only a question to gain an answer ; I must let him know that he is observed.

[*She presents flags at the window.*]

Cec. He is expert as yourself. Black over red.

Kate. Black over red. I must look at my book. Ah ! " my messenger ; has he been seen ?"

Cec. What messenger ?

Kate. [*Changing signals.*] We must ask that.

Cec. White over black.

Kate. White over black,—that's "Tom Coffin." I must answer no! he cannot approach the house except through the garden gate, and the secret pannel in our chamber.

Cec. He understands, and replies yellow over blue. What does he say, Katharine?

Kate. He asks whether he himself can enter that way.

Cec. Your reply is——

Kate. Yes! [*Changing signals.*]

Cec. Imprudent girl! have you remembered the danger? Besides, who is to open the gate to him?

Kate. I will! [*She goes out through the pannel, R.*]

Cec. What rashness! 'tis true, evening approaches; with it, we two might escape, and [*Looking from the window.*] how fearlessly, yet how cautiously, she darts through the shaded walk! 'Tis well the Captain and our guardian are engaged, or—[*A knock at the door, L.*]—Some one knocks at the door; what is to be done? how shall I excuse the absence of Katharine? [*Knock again.*] Who's there?

Capt. B. [*Without, L.*] Captain Boroughcliff, with a message from the Colonel—positively—

Cec. The Captain—You cannot enter—we are prisoners, and my guardian has the key: that's fortunate.

Enter CAPTAIN BOROUGHLIFF, L.

Capt. B. No, my lovely charmers, Captain Boroughcliff, the fortunate Captain Boroughcliff, like a true knight errant, is entrusted with the gifted talisman, I guess, which is to restore you enchanted damsels to a state of liberty. Positively I—but where's my divine Kate?

Cec. Kate—Kate—O! there—there.

Capt. B. There, where? He, he, he! playing love's bo-peep I calculate; vastly pleasant, upon my soul; recollect, Miss, I know where you are,—I do, upon my honour; out of the window, I suppose, in the verandah, ha, ha!

Cec. O! No, no, not here.

Capt. B. [*Going to window.*] I must examine, my dear,—I must indeed, actually—ha, ha!

Cec. [*Aside.*] If he should perceive Barnstablein the

garden—[*To the Captain, confused.*—I—no, indeed, sir, you. [*He approaches the window; Cecilia detains him.*

Re-enter KATE, cautiously, through the pannel, R. S. E.—they laugh at him very heartily.

Capt. B. In the name of wonder, madam, where did you spring from? I didn't observe you; I did not, by my sagacity, I reckon.

Kate. Ha, ha, ha! you are not half a lover yet; before you think of any resource so desperate for a lady, in future, as an open window, don't forget that a screen is more convenient.

Capt. B. An excellent ambush, madam; I declare I overlooked it. Bless me, what a number of little flags!

Kate. Flags, sir? why they form part of one of my dresses.

Capt. B. Then it's a dress in which you intend to signalize yourself in, I guess, madam. Ha, ha! that's very good, considerably.

Kate. Does he suspect?—May I ask, sir, your motive for this visit?

Capt. B. O! I beg pardon! your guardian, with myself, will do ourselves the felicity to take tea with you, in the correctest manner possible. You are so lonely, quite hermits—it will be absolute charity, I calculate.

Kate. We are engaged, sir; Cecilia is indisposed, and I—I am drawing—I have a particular design to finish; we wish not to be interrupted, sir.

Capt. B. Well, madam, since you are resolved to impose such cruelty upon me, why I must be the messenger of ill tidings—I sha'n't forget. What's that vile knocking?—'Tis very odd, I calculate.

[*Barnstable knocks outside at the portrait pannel, R.*

Kate. What's what? I hear nothing.

Capt. B. Somebody tapping on the other side of the wall, positively.

Kate. O absurd! impossible. [*Knocking again.*

Capt. B. There again! I hear! O yes!

Kate. O, ah! now I do hear it! some of your men hammering the flints in their muskets; it's a practice they have in the guard-room, as you call it, on the other side of the garden wall.

Capt. B. And very annoying to ladies ears, actually—quite a bore—I'll inquire into it, Miss Plowden—upon my honour, I heard it distinctly, as if it had been

at the back of that grim-looking portrait; ladies, I take my leave! I reckon I'll find it out.

[Exit, locking the door, L.]

Kate. He locks the door—he retires—now dear Barnstable, you may enter.

Enter BARNSTABLE, through the sliding pannel; Tom peeping in after him.

Long Tom C. [From the pannel.] Only you pipe all hands aboard, your Honour, and Tom's ready with his harpoon to give the skulkers a lift out of the daylights yonder.

Bar. Silence, silence. [Shuts pannel.] Dearest Kate, let us embrace this joyful opportunity, and fly at once through the ruins; my boat lies at the water's edge, and—

[The Captain opens the door, L., suddenly Cecilia faints in Barnstable's arms, R.]

Capt. B. Ho, ho! treason! taken by storm, Colonel! This is the most uncorrect thing—Sergeant Drill, what ho! an enemy in the camp, positively; I'll have that fellow hung up at the yard-arm of one of our frigates—I will. O yes. [Exit, L.]

Bar. Stay, poltroon, and take a seaman's remonstrance. What's to be done?—Only this way, Kate; only this way.

[Carries out Cecilia, and is followed by Kate through the pannel, R.]

Enter CAPTAIN, SERGEANT, and SOLDIERS, L. D.

Capt. B. How's this?—Not a soul—nor here—nor here. I reckon they could not have passed down stairs—some secret closet—mum—I'll find it out. Sergeant, you post sentinels at the bottom of the stairs; and, hark ye, don't be considerably out of the way when I give the word of command. [Exeunt Sergeant and Soldiers, L.] No noise, they could not fly through the window—I'll find it out, I will. [Creeps under the table.]

Enter LONG TOM, cautiously, from the pannel, R.—steals round to the door, L.—locks it, and, upsetting the table, presents his harpoon at the Captain.

Long Tom C. One word to alarm them fresh-water marines, and I'll send my harpoon right through your whizzen. Come, give us hold of your cheese-knife.

[Takes his sword, and drags him to the front.]

Capt. B. That horrible sea-monster again, by all that's considerably uncomfortable—I—

Long Tom C. Another word and death; [*Presenting a pistol.*] you are my prisoner—

Capt. B. Prisoner! well, that's done handsome!

Long Tom C. Ay, I believe it is; but belay your jawing-tackle, or you're a dead man; I'll just take you in tow, you see, and haul you aboard the *Ariel*. I always carry a bit of marline in my pocket. [*Taking out a rope.*] Come, heave a-head, my fine fellow—you'll get a powder-monkey's berth a-board, mayhap. [*Knocks down the Captain's hat nearly over his eyes, and seizes his hand.*] Here, just let me git a bowline-knot round your maw-leys, and a half hitch abaft your fly-guard, then we'll brace all taught, and make sail.

[*Throws a cord round him, which he fastens to his harpoon, and then presenting a pistol, marches him through the pannel, R.*

Long Tom C. Stay a bit—[*Pulls him back with his cord.*]—I go first, if you please—a mess-mate before a ship-mate—a ship-mate before a stranger—a stranger before a dog—but a dog even before such a loblolly boy as you, every day in the week.

[*Pulls him out through the pannel, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Rocky Pass near the Sea.*

Enter the PILOT, L.

Pilot. (c.) Brave fellow! he has accomplished his object—he is conducting hither the being who, of all others, is calculated to render him happy. And what is he who would prevent that happiness? an alien to his country, an enemy to its rights and privileges; and shall such a man dash from the lips of a true-born Briton the cup of ecstasy? Never, never, while I stand by, with this tough but honest heart, and this sturdy, though rude arm, to sustain the cause of loyalty, and the best prerogatives of a gallant son of the English navy.

Enter BARNSTABLE, supporting KATE and CECILIA, L.

Bar. (c.) You here, my honest pilot! 'tis well: support this trembling female to the boat.

[*Placing Cecilia in his arms, almost insensible.*

Pilot. [*With pathos.*] 'Tis a dream of reality.

Bar. My friend ; this burst of feeling—at such a time, too !

Pilot. Pardon me, pardon me : the sight of a woman or a child in distress was always an object appalling to my breast ; but this unconscious female recalls to my fading recollection the image of one of her sex whom I beheld, where the hand of pity was extended in vain, and the cry of innocent supplication passed unheard by the ear of heaven ; come, come, it overpowers me : to the boat, come—come. [Exit with Cecilia, R.

Kate. Mysterious man !—who—what is he ?

Bar. To me he is almost a stranger ; there is, indeed, a wildness about him which I cannot fathom.

Kate. I tremble lest his strange discourse should still more terrify Cecilia, who is at best but a faint heart, and unlike me, Barnstable, as you know.

Bar. Heaven fashioned you, Kate, for the wife of a sailor ; where the deuce can my coxswain be all this time ? Yo ho ! Tom Coffin ! yo !

[The scene becomes progressively dark.

Tom. [Without, L.] What cheer aboard there ? Yo ho !

Bar. He approaches ; now then, my sweet Kate, let us avoid pursuit ; and once aboard the schooner, name but the day which is to make me yours for ever, and a volley of British thunder shall whisper the joyful accent to the green sea and to the blue firmament.

[Exeunt, R.

Enter TOM, pulling in the CAPTAIN by the cord, L.

Capt. B. (L.C.) The fellow pulls me as the racoon does the opossum by the tail out of the gum-tree. Most exquisite Mr. Coffin, I beseech you a little breathing-time ; quarter ! quarter ! I beseech you ! Footh, almost dislocated, upon my soul. Your conduct is the most incorrect possible, I calculate. O yes !

Long Tom C. Well, then, quarter, as I never likes to be unmarciful to a mother's son.

Capt. B. Yes, but you are unmerciful to my mother's son.

Long Tom C. I'll tell you what it's for ; I thought I overheard you talking about hanging up my commander at the yard-arm of a frigate ; see where I'll slew you for that. Damme ! I've a great mind to start you all round the deck.

Capt. B. O—h! you won't murder me, I guess, Mr. Coffin.

Long Tom C. Mister! don't mister me; I tell you, I'm always Tom, when there's any hurry, such as letting go the haulyards, or a sheet; Long Tom, when they want to get to windward of an old seaman, by fair weather; and Long Tom Coffin, when they wishes to distinguish me from another of the same name.

[*Striking him.*]

Capt. B. I don't know if you are aware of it, Mr. Coffin, but you strike tarnation hard.

Long Tom C. Why, I'm only telling *on you*, you know.

Capt. B. I beg your pardon, you're hitting on me, *you know*; and I say again, I hope you don't intend to murder me.

Long Tom C. Murder you! Lord love you, no, I'll only take you to see my sweetheart.

Capt. B. That's done elegant—then I'm safe; if there's a woman in the way, she'll aid me to escape. Your sweetheart, pray what's her name?

Long Tom C. They call her Ariel.

Capt. B. He's a second genuine Caliban, I guess; but this Ariel—

Long Tom C. She's a lovely thing, to be sure; I've seen her in every shape, braced and unbraced, with her stays, and out of her stays.

Capt. B. Mercy on me! then you've literally seen her undress'd, I calculate.

Long Tom C. Ay, that I have, many a time, scudding under bare poles, not a rag flying; then, you see, we towed her into port, got her into dock, and, when she was there, I tarred her all over, myself.

Capt. B. The devil you did! here's a wretch for you! he'll be tarring me all over, I reckon. And pray, may I venture to inquire what followed this *tarnation* exhibition?

Long Tom C. Why then we painted her sides, trimmed her out in prime style, crammed her with grape-shot, and sent her off slap to America.

Capt. B. Law! what full of grape-shot.

Long Tom C. No, only the ground tier stowed away.

Capt. B. The most considerable liar I ever met with in the whole course of my existence! Mist—that is Long Tom Coffin, if you have no objection, I'll remain ashore on my parol of honour.

Long Tom C. On your parol of honour, you said ?

Capt. B. I did ; O yes !

Long Tom C. If you do, I'll be—— : no, no ; you talked of hanging up my commander ; so, weigh anchor ! yo ho !

Capt. B. The inhuman cannibal ! if he should tar me over as he did his mistress, I shall be the laugh of the whole army, positively ; it will be the most incorrectest thing imaginable, I reckon.

Long Tom C. [*Pulling the Captain off, R.*] Yo, yo, yo !

[*The Captain gets loose, and runs off, L., and is again pursued across by Tom.—Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*The Ruins opening to the Sea, with the Ariel lying in the distance.—Stage nearly dark.*

Enter BARNSTABLE, PILOT, KATE, and CECILIA, R.

Kate. All seems hushed to stillness ; no one pursues us. Hark ! what sound is that ?

Bar. 'Tis the lash of oars ; my men have caught the signal, and are here. [*MUSIC.*] Come, ladies, jump aboard. [*They go up, and are getting into the boat.*]

Enter LONG TOM COFFIN, leading in the Captain by a cord, R.

Long Tom C. [*To the Captain.*] One word, and over the cliffs you go, into the sea. What, ho ! Ariel !

Bar. Who hails ?

Long Tom C. Long Tom.

Bar. And who have you there ?

Long Tom C. A prisoner, your Honour ; but he has got so much starn-way, I couldn't bouse him ahead : into the boat with him.

Bar. A prisoner ! Boroughcliff, by heavens ! what madness is this ! Release him.

Long Tom C. 'Tis yours to command, mine to obey ; but this fellow would have tuck'd you to the yard-arm of an American.

Bar. How, sir !

Capt. B. No, sir ; I did'nt say how I'd do it.

Long Tom C. Release him ! the boat won't carry us all off at once, and whoever remains this swobb will be tray into the inimy's hands.

Capt. B. Oh, no! I reckon I'll hold my tongue in the most correctest of all possible manners.

Long Tom C. Don't believe a word he utters:—I saw the land marines after us along the beach, and if I hadn't contrived to gag his jawing-tackle a little, your Honour, he sartainly was after heaving signals o' distress.

Capt. B. I was after throwing out no such thing; but if you take me on board ship, as I am not accustomed to it, I shall certainly throw out signals of distress, I calculate.

Bar. Pursued, did you say?—this stranger shall aboard, then—you and I, Tom, must wait the return of the boat to take us off; and should we by any chance be taken prisoners, in the exchange of this gentleman's person we may be redeemed.

Capt. B. Nay, but positively, on my honour—I shall be very sea-sick, I guess.

Bar. Sir, this is a case of necessity; nothing but gentlemanly conduct awaits you on board the Ariel.

Capt. B. Curse me if I shan't be tarred, after all. O dear.

Long Tom C. This way, Captain; [*Leads the Captain on board.*] and if you minds your eye, and rigs a little more ship-shape, and like a sailor, you shall have a quid out of my backy-box that Sal Slammock gave me—you won't:—O very well! then I shan't ax you that's all.

Pilot. Now, Lieutenant Barnstable, the ladies wait.

Bar. You must conduct them to the vessel, then; I know my duty too well to desert any of my crew in a moment of danger.

Pilot. Brave, noble boy!

Bar. [*Going to the boat.*] Away, away—the time is pressing.

Long Tom C. [*Comes forward, chuckling, c.*] Ha, ha, ha! I think that lubber, with his thunder and lightning trousers, and his scraper hat, wont afford bad sport to the younkens on board the Ariel; but avast—I'll up aloft, and give a look-out for squalls.

[*Runs up a rock, L., as the boat goes off, R. U. E.—Gun heard, R.—Music repeated.*]

Col. [*Without, R.*] Quick march!

Long Tom C. Somebody's coming on the lee side.

Have a care, your Honour, or you may chance to get a bullet through your hull.

[*Pistol fired, R.—Music repeated.*

Enter COLONEL, and six Soldiers, R.—TOM runs behind BARNSTABLE, brandishing his harpoon.

Bar. (L.) What means that discharge? Is it done to intimidate us, or are we to be butchered in cold blood?

Col. Sir, you are our prisoner; surrender up your sword.

Bar. Surrender up my sword!—never, sir; from his Majesty the King of England I received it, to wield in defiance of his enemies and my own; and never will I calmly resign it, except to place it at the feet of my sovereign.

Long Tom C. Huzza! there are but forty of 'em, your Honour; give the word of command, and I'll douse thirty-seven with my harpoon.

Col. Seize them.

[*The Soldiers approach; Barnstable draws his sword, and defends himself bravely, till he is overpowered by numbers, and taken off, R.—Tom drives off the six Soldiers, R. S. E.—Re-enters, and meets the Sergeant.—A set Combat—Tom first loses his harpoon, then his sword; and finding himself surrounded by soldiers, he runs up the rock, L., and they present their muskets at him.*

Ser. Surrender!

Long Tom C. [From the rock, L.] My commander taken, and you would secure Tom, too. No, no; these waves are to me what the land is to you. I was born on them, and sooner than be captured by an inimy, I always meant that they should be my grave.

Col. Fire!

[*They fire—Tom throws himself into the sea, and disappears—they force Barnstable off, R.*

SCENE IV.—*A Cabin in the Ariel, with windows to open in flat.*

Enter GRIFFITH and CECILIA, L.

Gri. (c.) This, indeed, is happiness, to be so near my Cecilia again, and hear from her own lips that her affection for me is still unchanged.

Cec. (L. c.) Unchanged!—yes!—and for ever must remain so, through space and time. How much do we

not owe to the heroism of Katharine!—but for her, Griffith, this moment of delight had never reached us; but she is here to share in our satisfaction.

Enter KATHARINE, L.

Kate. (L.) 'Tis singular the boat, with Barnstable, has not yet returned; it seemed to me, that I heard the report of fire-arms from the shore; heaven forbid that aught of harm should have happened to blast the peace which was so nearly restored to my heart! All seems quiet now, not an oar touches the water. Cecilia! [*Throwing open the window.*] do but look, 'tis the form of a man battling with the waves—he approaches—he sinks exhausted.

Gri. [*Opening the window more effectively.*] No, no, he nears the side of the vessel—what, ho! heave out a rope over the taffrail; a man is overboard—yo ho! yo ho!

Voices. [*Without.*] Yo, ho! yo ho!

[*A rope is lowered—Tom Coffin, nearly overcome, climbs up, and falls senseless into the cabin.*]

Gri. [*Runs up to Tom, and supports him.*] 'Tis Tom Coffin, the coxswain.

Kate. Spare me the conviction. Barnstable, then, the unhappy Barnstable, is drowned.

Cec. Compose yourself, Kate—listen—he speaks.

Long Tom C. [*Wildly.*] Mortal man can't save us—if our sheet cable was bent to our heaviest anchor, this sea would bring it home—blow, blow, will the wind never have done whistling through our hull—how the poor thing moans!—what youngster is that singing astride the gun yonder—bid him be still. *He* who rules the tempest is displeased that man's voice should be heard when *he* chooses to send *his* own breath upon the waters.

Gri. Why, Tom! Tom Coffin, don't you know us?—Cheer, my boy—cheer; 'tis the *Ariel* you are aboard of.

Long Tom C. She can make no head against this sea—our fore-mast is half buried in foam already—look out! secure yourselves—into the boat there, all of ye; go, go,—as for poor Tom Coffin, he can remain where he is—he saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and will be the last to desert her—away with ye; there is more weight in ye now than can go safe to land—God bless ye, my boys—bless ye—bless ye—all gone! and I alone aboard the wreck. How the waves lash around me,

the waters are breaking up the decks—she bilges—we sink together; my poor Ariel, we sink together. [*Swoons.*]

Kate. Poor fellow! his mind is distracted! raise him in your arms—O, that he could but reveal to us the fate of Barnstable! my heart is bursting. [*Weeps.*]

Enter a Sailor, with a Flask.

[*Tom recovering, after they give him something to drink.*]

Kate. Tom—Tom Coffin—tell me of Barnstable.

Long Tom C. (c.) Who speaks of Banstable?—Ah! it flashes across my mind—that face, Master Griffith! and this vessel, the Ariel—not wrecked! and have I been making a ghost's parlour of my top-rigging all this while? ha! ha! ha!

Gri. Speak, Tom, where's Lieut. Barnstable?

Long Tom C. Where? where? I remember all—he's a prisoner to the American marines—and I—by this time aboard the frigate!

All. A prisoner!

Long Tom C. But I dreamt it, or you have a prisoner also.

Kate. Captain Boroughcliff—he is here.

Long Tom C. The boat, then—the boat—I'll ashore with the lubber, and exchange him for my brave commander; and if they don't think such a fresh-water riptile equal to the gallant captain, let them take poor Tom Coffin into the bargain.

Kate. Generous sailor! but your recent exhaustion—your strength.

Long Tom C. Ah, marm! you don't know how the thoughts of saving a benefactor would at any time animate the breast of a sailor, even though his own last gasp seemed struggling in his throat. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room of State at the Colonel's.*

Enter BARNSTABLE, COLONEL, CAPTAIN of the *Alacrity* Officers, SERGEANT DRILL, Soldiers, &c., R.

Col. (c.) The misconduct of those weak girls, however I may deplore it, Lieutenant Barnstable, can have no weight with me in an affair of war or honour; we apprehend you as a disguised spy, employed against us by an opposing power. The fate assigned you is not of my choosing, however much I may have cause to feel indignant at your conduct; which, while it has insulted

my country, has robbed me of my wards, and, for aught I know, of my intended heir, Captain Borougcliff. Sincerely do I lament that my duty, as an officer, compels me to ratify this warrant for your death.

Bar. For Katharine Plowden, Sir, she is her own mistress—for Captain Borougcliff, no harm can reach him on board the *Ariel*; for England is ever too generous to adopt the base and cruel pretences which her enemies are mean enough to avail themselves of, for the purpose of openly destroying those they fear.

Col. H. Young man! young man! I neither deserve nor heed this sarcasm—the punishment you are about to undergo has been drawn upon you by your own rashness; what follows, remains with these gentlemen; I have not the power to save you, were you to urge it ever so strenuously. I pity you, from my soul; as a man, I pity your condition.

Bar. Sir, I neither demand your interference nor your compassion—many a time, in the service of my native land, I have faced death as firmly as now; and, if I feel an unusual pang at this moment, it is with shame that my fall does not owe itself more to the zeal which I ever displayed towards my country, than to my affection for an unfortunate woman, whose happiness I would have given the world to secure, but whose peace, perhaps, I have wrecked for ever.

Capt. of the A. Were this gentleman induced to alter his sentiments, interest might yet be made to save him.

Bar. [*Fiercely.*] Silence, I'll hear no more! my sentiments are for my country—they are deep—deep in my breast; and the man who would eradicate them, must rip out the heart on which they are indelibly written. Lead on—to death—I am prepared.

[*Drum beats.—Exeunt all but the Colonel, conducting Barnstable, l.*

Col. H. [*Alone, absorbed in thought.*] I don't know how it is, but the cool bravery of that fellow has left a weight on my heart, like a rock of ice: his unshrinking calmness—his noble deportment—all conspire to overwhelm me with awe and commiseration. His apprehension amongst the ruins was the adventure of an instant, accomplished in the heat of passion at the success of his stratagem in robbing me of my ward.—I forgot, assisted by the military, it must come to this;—well, and is it not justice? is he not come hither with an armed force, to

defy us on the edge of our very shores?—is he not—still, would my hand were free from his untimely end! So young—so fearless—How now?—what new intrusion? where are my servants?

Enter THE PILOT, with a pistol in his hand; he locks the door, L.

Pilot. All gone to stare at the victim, yonder—or the traitor, call him which you will.

Col. H. And you—whence those arms? Are you come hither to murder me? I'll alarm the——

Pilot. [*Taking him by the arm and forcing him into a chair, c.*] Seat yourself, and listen, for I have much to say, and the time is but too brief.

Col. H. Speak.

Pilot. You are a patriot in the cause of America?

Col. H. True.

Pilot. Would you desert that cause?

Col. H. Never.

Pilot. Yet you could ask such a desertion of Barnstable, whose life is now a forfeit to your intemperance!

Col. H. My intemperance!—you mistake.

Pilot. Impossible! I am neither mistaken in that respect, nor in the conviction that your own principles are about to undergo a revolution.

Col. H. Such a circumstance is not to be accomplished by threats.

Pilot. Your bravery I am not disposed to impeach; but, hear me—you had a brother—he was born in England, you in America—he and you quarrelled many years since, and parted in anger.

Col. H. Ah, poor John! he is now no more.

Pilot. You are in error, he still lives.

Col. H. Not dead? why, they told me he fell in an engagement. I've actually been to England to settle his affairs.

Pilot. That was kind, to effect what he never could himself. But, to heave—to a long story,—you had a wife and child——

Col. H. True, true; but what of that?—they both perished, by shipwreck, on their way to join me with my regiment in America.

Pilot. After you had deserted England; her loss was a judgment for revolting against the land of your fore-

fathers. True, indeed your wife did perish,—but your son still survives.

Col. H. [*Starting up.*] My son! speak! where is he?

Pilot. Listen, and let my tale strike deeper horrors to your guilty soul, than it did even to his who witnessed the appalling scene. In that same vessel which conveyed your wife and infant son from the land of her and your father's birth, the land of freedom,—your despised brother, John, happened to be a voyager:—it was he, when the thunder raged, and the lightning flashed, and the yelling waters rolled like clouds of froth over the sinking vessel, that beheld your expiring Elizabeth, with her screaming babe hugged closely to her bosom, in the deep trough of the sea, and, springing fearlessly from the last vestige of the wreck,—it was he that saved your son,—yours,—from the fury of the devouring element.

Col. H. And my wife——

Pilot. Hardly could the scared wretch, who thus secured your boy, and clung with his other arm to the flurrying raft for support, turn his almost bewildered gaze towards the struggling object he was compelled to abandon, ere that frail form had sunk to rise no more!—a moment, and a moment only, in the awful pause of the tempest, one fair hand, whiter than the lashing waters round it, was lifted thus in silent agony above the flood, as if to speak a dying mother's gratitude—and then—then it was all oblivion and dark despair.

Col. H. But my brother.

Pilot. With the boy at his shoulder he succeeded in reaching the shore; it was there, as he gazed on the features of that innocent, motherless child, that he resolved to revenge himself on your treachery.

Col. H. Do not, dare not, say that he murdered the infant.

Pilot. Now, heaven pardon thee a thought like that: no, no! destiny, said he, has thrust this boy thus into my hands, to be bred up a good British subject. I'll do it. I'll place him in the charge of some true and gallant veteran, who shall rear him, for what should I do with an infant, thought he: he shall never know the name of his father till he is a man, and a loyal one. Many years your brother John has travelled far away: at length he has returned to the acquaintance of his friend, Captain Manson. His dream is realized; the child he saved is a

man, nor can England boast a better or a truer patriot than your son.

Col. H. But where, where must I seek him?

Pilot. Hanging, like a dog, at the yard-arm of the American frigate, to which his father has just consigned him.

Col. H. Barnstable, my son! overwhelm me, death! *Covers his face with his hands, and sinks overpowered into a chair, c.—The Pilot gazes on him with folded arms.*

Col. H. [*Starting up.*] What—what is to be done?

Pilot. There is but one way—follow me to the British frigate.

Col. H. Where? You would betray me?

Pilot. Never: battle and the service of my country in burning and distant climes may have changed my person, but I am still the preserver of your child.

Col. H. My brother! my long-lost brother!

Pilot. Approach me not: on this shore and in that habit, never shall these arms acknowledge thine.

Col. H. Lead on, lead on, I'll follow; though it be to death.

Pilot. To the British frigate Come! [*Exeunt, L. D.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Quarter Deck of the Alacrity—the Roll of the muffled Drum.*

The AMERICAN CAPTAIN, OFFICERS, and Crew discovered, conducting Barnstable to execution.

Ser. The boat of the schooner is approaching.

Capt. (R.) We must be brief, then. [*To Barnstable.*] Lieutenant Barnstable, if aught of request you have to make previously to the last fatal struggle, I pledge myself as a gentleman, consistently as possible with my public duty, to comply with your dying wishes.

Bar. Something there is to which I would give utterance to Captain Manson, for his unceasing generosity, in instilling into my breast, at an early, a very early age, the loyalty and enthusiasm for which it is my glory that I suffer. An outcast from my birth, but for him, and some secret friend, whose name and person I never knew, I might have needed that renown, which I trust will rise even now from my ashes, and spread itself like a green laurel over the heart of every Briton who cherishes the name of national defiance.

Capt. [*Coldly.*] And is this all?

Bar. There was one whose name I intended to pronounce; but, no! while it rises to my lips, it comes like a wrecked vessel, floating in tears. I cannot think of her without emotion, and these fellows might imagine I trembled beneath the influence of their detested scorn. Lead on,—I have no secrets but for heaven and my country. I am prepared; let me die!

Enter TOM, alongside the vessel, in a lug, L.

Long Tom C. [*From the lug.*] No, I'll be damned you shall.

Bar. [*Advancing to the front, c.*] Tom Coffin here!

Long Tom C. Yes, I am here! I'm sent for you, and you must come aboard the Ariel; 'tis the captain's orders, and you must obey.

Capt. Fire at that rascal!

[*Soldiers present their muskets at Tom*

Long Tom C. Ah, do fire! do fire at a single man! it's like ye, isn't it? But perhaps you don't know that you'll have a shower of Old English iron rattled into your ribs presently: and, if you don't give me up my commander, and sheer off, it's overlikely he and you may keep the long watch in Davie Jones's locker at the same time. Howsomever, I've this here proposal to make you surrender my commander, and we'll give you up your swab, Captain Boroughcliff; and if you don't think such a fresh-water reptile equal to the gallant lieutenant (as to be sure he's not), why, then e'en take Long Tom into the bargain!

Capt. Insolent dog! see how we despise the threat of a piratical miscreant like you.

Long Tom C. Piratical miscreant!—Do you call me piratical miscreant?

Capt. Marines, do your duty: fire at the lieutenant. [*The Marines present their muskets—Tom rushes in, and throws himself before Barnstable.*

Long Tom C. [*To the Captain*] No, no, you bee'nt in earnest, you can't be in earnest; or, if you be, then let ever ball pass through this heart to his; as a youngster I love him! I taught him to reef the first point, and to hit the first gasket—he was always so brave—so [*Dashing away his tears.*] don't you go to think I'm blubbering—only—what, shoot my commander? I never did submit

to an inimy, I thought I never could; yet, if you'll but spare his life, I'll—

[*Throws himself at the Captain's feet, dropping his harpoon—Barnstable releases his hands by a violent effort, rushes towards him, and drags him up.*]

Bar. Tom Coffin, up, up; is this a position for a British seaman?

Long Tom C. [*With a burst of pride, throwing himself into his arms.*] No, sir, no—there, it's all over,—now then—fire away; you may send your bullets into our hulls, but we'll set you an example how to die without kicking our heels at the yard-arm.

Capt. Drag the fellow away—do your duty.

Ser. The boarding-boats of the *Ariel* are close alongside.

[*A shot is fired into the ship, which carries away part of the rigging.*]

Voices without. The *Ariel!* the *Ariel!*

Long Tom C. [*Rushing forward.*] The *Ariel!* the *Ariel!* then I wish you may get it; huzza! for the wooden walls and the Union Jack.

[*Attack—Tom fights with his harpoon—Barnstable snatches up a sword—a broadside is poured in, and the Ariel comes in sight.*]

Enter THE PILOT on board, L., hastily.

Pilot. He lives! he lives! father, receive your son—Katharine, 'tis your husband!

Enter the COLONEL, L., leading in KATE and CECILIA, followed by GRIFFITH, MERRY, &c.

The American strikes—Tom hoists British colours, and a grand picture of different emotions is formed—as the curtain slowly descends, all huzza.

AIR—RULE BRITANNIA.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Sailors.	Americans.					Sailors.
L. H.	PILOT.	BAR.	KATE.	TOM.	CEC.	GRI.
]						[L.

THE END.



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